When We Met

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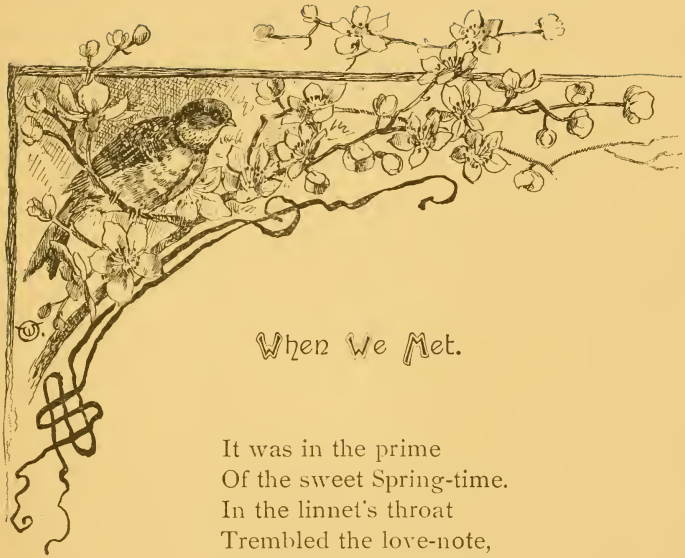


When We Met.

It was in the prime
Of the sweet Spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self.

George Eliot.

How Thinkest Thou.

I think of thee
At evening, thee
By shadowed stream,
In twilight beam;
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,
Sweet pain to me
It is, and fears
And anxious tears;
How thinkest thou of me?

Matthisson.

Valentine.

There's a smile on thy lips, dear one
Like the gleam from a sunny sky
On a mirrored lake,
When its waters break
Into ripples, and dimple by.

Yet 'tis sweet, in the sunny beam
To sail over some placid stream,
As away we glide
On the sunny tide,
Of bowers of roses to dream.

E. G. L.

I Think of Thee.

I think of thee when daylight is ending
  And sunset's rare glories have died on the plain
When Love's evening star from her throne is descending
  To lave her sweet face in the foam of the main.

I think of thee when daylight is breaking
  And dawn's tender promise is kindling the skies,
When Love's morning star in the east is awaking
  With new light and life in her beautiful eyes,

J. G. Clark.

Pluck the Flowers.

From the flowers round thy feet
Pluck one star-eyed blossom, sweet,
Winter comes with rain and sleet
Pluck them now, dear one!

Dreams were made to fade and die
Prove them all before they fly.

Twine a wreath of flower and song
For the future drear and long,
Love will make the faint heart strong
Twine them now, dear one!

C. T. U.

Love's Immortality.

Oh the gladness and glory
Of life and of time
When love's dual story
Is told in one rhyme!

When one face is pictured on brain and on eye,
And one name is written on rainbow and sky;
When the robins sing love through all seasons and changes,
And the years rise before us like green mountain ranges.

Anon.

O Silver Stars.

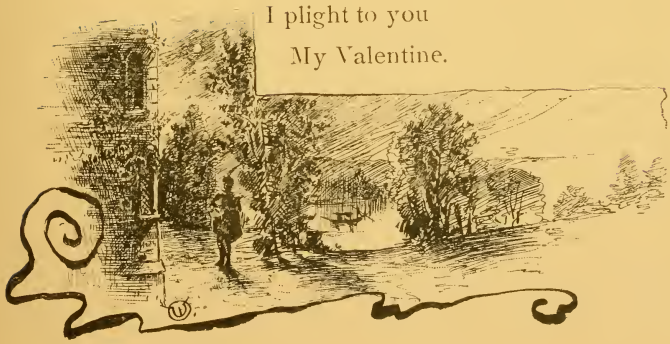
Tis Valentine! O Love, how bright
The amethystine skies;
How fair each leaf and bud and spray
When seen through lover's eyes!

O silver stars of murmuring eves,
O moonlight on the ivy leaves,
Fair, fair your sheen,—but Oh! the gleaming,
Of lovelight in your fond eyes beaming!

Clarence Urmy.

I Plight to You.

Just outside thy window
  I listening stand,
The starlight is kissing
  The silver robed land,
The rose-angels bathing
  The roses with dew,
The sky and the violets
  Plighting anew,
I plight to you
  My Valentine.



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